

Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mares,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe: banisht from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the Nightringale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

La. So-hough, Soa hough

Pro. What seest thou?

La. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

La. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

La. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.

La. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are stoppt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath posselt them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, vn-tunable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath shee forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* haue forsworne me.
What is your newes?

La. Sir, there is a proclamation, y you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banisht'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excessse of it will make me surfet.

Doth *Silvia* know that I am banisht'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou speakest
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but
that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition. *Inprimis*. Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. *Item*.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
your Master'ship?

La. With my Master'ship? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fic on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thoulyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy
Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.
La. There: and *S. Nicholas* be thy speed.
Sp. Inprimis shee can milke.
La. I that shee can.
Sp. Item, shee brewes good Ale.
La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Blessing of
your heart, you brew good Ale.*)
Sp. Item, shee can sowe.
La. That's as much as to say (*Can she sow?*)
Sp. Item shee can knit.
La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When shee can knit him a stocke?
Sp. Item, shee can wash and scoure.
La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scow'd.
Sp. Item, shee can spin.
La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when shee
can spin for her liuing.

Sp. Item, shee hath many namelesse vertues.
La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that
indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no
names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, there is not to be fasting in respect of her
breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fast: read on.

Sp. Item, shee hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. Item, shee doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
talke.

Sp. Item, shee is slow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue:

I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, shee is proud.

La. Out with that too:

It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be tane from her.

Sp. Item, shee hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts.

Sp. Item, shee is curst.

La. Well: the best is, shee hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, shee will often praise her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, shee shall: if shee will not,
I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, shee is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue shee cannot; for that's writ downe
shee is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile
keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that
cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more
faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: shee was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that
once more.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The
couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more
then the salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more
then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's
next?

Sp. And more fault

La. That's monst

Sp. And more weal

La. Why that won

Well, ile haue her: an

impossible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will

for thee at the North ga

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who

ter man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe

La. Thou must run to

that going will scarce se

Sp. Why didst not te

Letters.

La. Now wilt be be

An vnmanerly slaue:

crets: Ile after, to reioyce

Scen.

Enter Duke,

Du. Sir *Thurio*, seare
Now *Valentine* is banisht

Th. Since his exile sh

Forsworne my company

That I am desperate of

Du. This weake impr

Trenched in ice, which v

Dissolues to water, and

A little time will melt he

And worthless *Valentine*

How now sir *Protheus*, is

(According to our Procl

Pro. Gon, my good L

Du. My daughter tak

Pro. A little time (my

Du. So I beleue: b

Protheus, the good conce

(For thou hast showne fo

Makes me the better to c

Pro. Longer then I p

Let me not liue, to looke

Du. Thou know'st ha

The match betweene sir

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And also, I thin

How shee opposes her ag

Pro. Shee did my Lord

Du. I and peruersly,

What might we doe to r

The loue of *Valentine*, and

Pro. The best way is,

With falsehood, coward

Three things, that wom

Du. I, but she'll thin

Pro. I, if his enemy de

Therefore it must with c

By one, whom shee este

Du. Then you must v